

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Poetry"

Verse one: krs-one

Well now you're forced to listen to the teacher and the lesson
Class is in session so you can stop guessin
If this is a tape or a written down memo
See I am a professional, this is not a demo
In fact call it a lecture, a visual picture
Sort of a poetic and rhythm-like mixture
Listen, I'm not dissin but there's somethin that you're missin
Maybe you should touch reality, stop wishin
For beats with plenty bass and lyrics said in haste
If this meaning doesn't manifest put it to rest
I am a poet, you try to show it, yet blow it
It takes concentration for fresh communication
Observation, that is to see without speaking
Take off your coat, take notes, I am teachin
A class, or rather school, cause you need schooling
I am not a king or queen, I'm not ruling
This is an introduction to poetry
A small dedication to those that might know of me
They might know of you and maybe your gang
But one thing's for sure, neither one of y'all can hang
Cause yo I'm like a arrow, and scott is the crossbow
Say something now ... thought so
You seem to be the type that only understand
The annihilation and destruction of the next man
That's not poetry, that is insanity
It's simply fantasy far from reality
Poetry is the language of imagination
Poetry is a form of positive creation
Difficult, isn't it? the point? you're missin it
Your face is in front of my hand so I'm dissin it

Verse two: krs-one

Scott larock is innovating, decorating hip-hop
The beat may drop but not like all the others
They just cover while I just smother
Every single stupid mutha -- wait wait brotha
Krs-one will have to show another
Mc or self-proclaimed king or queen
Or gang or crew or solo or team
That I mean

Business

So tell me what is this?

See I come from the bronx so just kiss this
Boogie down productions is somewhat an experiment
The antidote for sucka mc's and they're fearin it
It's self-explanatory, no one's writin for me
The poetry I'm rattlin is really not for battlin
But if you want I will simply change the program
So when I'm done you will simply say "damn"
So this conversation is somewhat hypothetical
Boogie down productions attempts to prove somethin
I say hypothetical because it's only theory
My theory, so take a minute now to hear me

Verse three: krs-one

So what's your problem?

It seems you want to be krs-two
From my point of view, backtrack, stop the attack
Cos krs-one means simply one krs
That's it, that's all, solo, single, no more, no less
I've built up my credential financially and mental
Anytime I rhyme I request the instrumental
I speak clearly and that's merely
Or should I say a mere, help to my career
I'm really not into fashion or craze
Just the one who pays and how soon I get a raise
You're probably in a daze, acting out of sympathy
Wrote a couple of rhymes and think that you can get with me
But what a pity, I'm rockin new york city
And everywhere else, you put the jams on the shelf
You as an amateur is outspoken
I'm looking at your face, you seem to be hopin
That I might stutter, stop, or just mess up
But everything's live that's why I don't dress up
"blastmaster krs" a synonym for "fresh"
I'm the teacher of the class, I do not pass no test
Got dj scott larock by my side, not in back of me
Cos we make up the boogie down productions crew faculty
Get it right, or train yourself not to bite
Cos when you bite you have bitten, when I hear it, that's it
I do not contemplate a battle cause it really ain't worth it
I'd rather point a pistol at your head and try to burst it

I'm teaching poetry

I'm teaching poetry

Scott larock

We're teaching po-e-try

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"South Bronx"

Scott la rock: yo, wassup blastmaster krs-one. this jam is kickin'

Krs: word! yo, what-up d-nice?

D-nice: yo, wassup scott la rock?

Slr: yo man, we chillin' this funky fresh jam. I wanna tell

You a little somethin' about us. we're the boogie down

Productions crew and due to the fact that no-one else out there

Knew what time it was, we have to tell you a little story about

Where we come from...

South bronx, the south south bronx (4x)

Many people tell me this style is terrific

It is kinda different but let's get specific

Krs-one specialized in music

I'll only use this type of style when I choose it

Party people in the place to be, krs-one attacks

Ya got dropped off mca cause the rhymes you wrote was wack

So you think that hip-hop had it's start out in queensbridge

If you popped that junk up in the bronx you might not live

Cause you're in...

South bronx, the south south bronx (4x)

I came with scott larock to express one thing

I am a teacher and others are kings

If that's a title they earn, well it's well deserved, but

Without a crown, see, I still burn

You settle for a pebble not a stone like a rebel

Krs-one is the holder of a boulder, money folder

You want a fresh style let me show ya

Now way back in the days when hip-hop began

With coque larock, kool herc, and then bam

Beat boys ran to the latest jam

But when it got shot up they went home and said "damn

There's got to be a better way to hear our music every day

Beat boys gettin blown away but comin outside anyway"

They tried again outside in cedar park

Power from a street light made the place dark

But yo, they didn't care, they turned it out

I know a few understand what I'm talkin about

Remember bronx river rollin thick

With kool dj red alert and chuck chillout on the mix

When afrika islam was rockin the jams

And on the other side of town was a kid named flash
Patterson and millbrook projects
Casanova all over, ya couldn't stop it
The nine lives crew, the cypress boys
The real rock steady takin out these toys
As odd as it looked, as wild as it seemed
I didn't hear a peep from a place called queens
It was seventy-six, to 1980
The dreads in brooklyn was crazy
You couldn't bring out your set with no hip-hop
Because the pistols would go...
So why don't you wise up, show all the people in the place that you are wack
Instead of tryna take out ll, you need to take your homeboys off the crack
Cos if you don't, well, then their nerves will become shot
And that would leave the job up to my own scott larock
And he's from...

South bronx, the south south bronx (8x)

The human tr-808, d-nice
The poet, the blastmaster krs-one
The grand incredible dj scott la rock
Boogie...down...productions
Fresh for '86, suckers!
(ha ha ha ha ha)

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"9mm Goes Bang"

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la...la...la

Buck! buck!

Chorus:

Wa da da dang
Wa da da da dang (ay!)
Listen to my 9 millimeter go bang
Wa da da dang
Wa da da da dang (ay!)
This is krs-one...

Verse 1:

Me knew a crack dealer by the name of peter
Had to buck him down with my 9 millimeter
He said I had his girl, I said "now what are you? stupid? "
But he tried to play me out and krs-one knew it
He reached for his pistol but it was just a waste
Cos my 9 millimeter was up against his face
He pulled his pistol anyway and I filled him full of lead
But just before he fell to the ground this is what I said...

Repeat chorus

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la...la...la x2

Verse 2:

Seven days later I was chillin in the herb gate
But seven days too much when the gossip has to circulate
Puffin sensemilla I heard "knock knock knock"
But the way that they knocked it did not sound like any cop
And if it were a customer they'd ask me for a nick
So suddenly I realized it had to be a trick
I dropped down to the floor and they did not waste no time
They shot right through the door so I had to go for mine
They pumped and shot again but the suckas kept on missin
Cos I was on the floor by now, I crawled into the kitchen
Thirty seconds later, boy, they bust the door down

The money and the sensemi' was lyin all around
But just as they put their pistols down to take a cut
Me jumped out the kitchen, went "buck! buck! buck!"
They fall down to the floor but one was still alive
So I put my 9 millimeter right between his eyes
Looked at his potnah and both of them were dead
So just before he joined his potnah this is what I said...

Repeat chorus

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la...la...la x2

Verse 3:

I gathered all the money and I ran up the block
I said "this is a perfect time to meet with scott larock"
But scott is either psychic or he has a knack for trouble
Cos scott larock showed up in a all-black bmw
I jumped inside the car and we screeched off in a hurry
And scott said "what is wrong? relax, tell me the story"
I said "you remember peter? well his posse tried to kill me
I'm all right now because the sensemi' fill me"
Scott just laughed, he said "i know they're all dead
And just before you pulled the trigger this is what you said..."

Repeat chorus

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la...la...la x2

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Word From Our Sponsor"

Intro:

This is a test
Of the boogie down production
Prevention against sucka mc's
In the event of a real emergency
You would have been instructed
On which jams to play
And how loud to blast your radio
And now, a word from our sponsor

Verse one:

I'm from the bronx, blastmaster krs-one
Provin that my job ain't done until I get some
More, no need to roar or yell
Cos I can still tell what will sell
And would have sold without yellin over a drum roll
That style is old, so unfold
Blossom, bloom, you got the room
So go ahead and consume
A new era, krs-one comes better
Bite another lyric? never
Cos I'm too clever, however
I own my own label
Partners with scott larock, he's on the turntable
And partner lee smith
I'm exercising a true gift just to uplift
Hip-hop, hip-hop
My voice is like a monster
And now a word from our sponsor

Verse two:

Two, three, four, five, sex, seven, eight, nine, ten
I gotta start this rhyme again
How many words can I find that rhyme
And still keep in mind every lyric must come out on time
Not many but I have plenty
Scott larock sent me just to devastate any-
One, any daughter, any son that comes my way
Hey, you got to go the other way
I represent my dj scott larock

D-nice, the beat box
I only wear nike's, not adidas or reeboks
Many people know me, yet I'm known by few
My name is krs-one, son
Not two or three or four or five or six
The mix is on scott larock and scott larock is on the mix

Verse three:

Cool like the air we breathe
Inhale, exhale, perpetrators will fail
As sure as my name is "blastmaster krs"
Sit and listen to the very essence of this tale
From the days of prison I have uprisen
To my family members I'm marked down as missin
Listen, circumstances put me right in the street
With the will to survive, get paid, eat, and sleep
Some weep, or should I rather say some cry
Can't get by so later on they die
Because the strong will survive
The weak will perish
Ignorance is a poison and knowledge will nourish
I love what I got and like what I had
I'm glad, not sad, and I don't even get mad
I get even, myself and some others I believe in
Cos these others are my brothas and perfection we're achievin
Yes, my name is krs, my brother is a rasta
Let me pause, and now a word from our sponsor

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Elementary"

Verse 1:

I hear the same old rhyme, the same old style
The same old runner has ran the mile
See, I don't know exactly what you know
But what I know is that stuff gotta go
Usually when I pick up the mic
Something I'll jump out my mouth for that night
I like to talk about fact not fiction
I got some fantasy rhymes but just listen
Everything I write is premeditated
Suckas wanna fake it, I just hate it
Bitin routines or sayin somethin kinda weak
My words are comprehended every time I speak
Or have spoken, no I'm not jokin
Please don't sleep, I hope you are awoken
Stop! try this again, you had enough? say when
I am the man with the six-pack of heineken
I get tipsy
But never in your life try to dis me
Cos I don't battle with rhymes, I battle with guns
Knowledge reigns supreme over nearly every one
If you take the first letter of what I just sung
You spell my name "krs-one"
It's elementary

Elementary

Verse 2:

Dj scott larock and i: krs-one
Our mother's first son and no, we'll never run
From complex situations like you t-o-y-s's
Always talkin junk, yet in jail, you're rockin dresses
I have arrived for the purpose of joy
Unlike any ordinary bronx b-boy
I will volunteer my services and launch an attack
On you fake educators with your yakety-yak
This is a fact, the teacher is here now in the flesh
Consistently hounded by you mc pests
If you really want to learn from me
Don't waste time in burnin me
Cos ignorance and inexperience does not concern me

I will emphasize so you will realize and come alive
Never close your eyes, never sleep or you might take a dive
Many people hate me, many people love me
Some are far below me
And you know there's some above me
But this, my hypothesis, to conclude the story
All you fake mc's on a mission, you bore me
I'm the blastmaster krs on the mic
Watchin all these females rock their pants too tight
Cos there's no other creative composition on display
That give a full analysis and rock this way
You will pay, eventually you all will decay
While the dj scott larock will continue to play
Cuttin records, drivin cars, and you'll know who we are
Make a mix just for kicks
And you'll be on our tip
And, oh yes, there's a highlight to the show, of course
You hear dj scott larock (go off! go off!)

(scott la rock) (go off! go off!) x8

Verse 3:

Boogie down productions, no reduction to it's title
If you have a headache, toys, go and take a midol
We have arrived for the purpose of enjoyment
You have arrived to make up for unemployment
You're on it only cos I learned just how to flaunt it
I breathed a rhyme upon you like a sickness and you caught it
Quick, get off the tip, trick, you must be sick
Like a doctor here's my bill, I wrote it out with a bic
Signed my name upon the bottle cos you know I just rocked em
But gettin into battles really isn't my thing
You're probably thinking these are the rhymes for the century
But please don't mention me
It's only elementary

Elementary

All it really is to me and scott la rock...is elementary

Elementary

Elementary

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Dope Beat"

[krs]i got a dope beat?
[all]you got a dope beat
[krs] I got a dope beat..
[all] we got a dope beat
[krs]i got a dope beat..
[all] you got a dope beat
[krs] I got a dope beat!!
[all] we got a dope beat!!

My name is at the top of all of those that mix
I'm turnin poetry into cash for eighty-seven
Some did it got paid, some jams were never played
But I am just a poet who watched the whole parade
Go by, and why? cause they wasn't fly
Others claim to be fresh, but they're not krs
I cannot walk around the street, with my head in the clouds
Either runnin on my gear, or havin colors too loud
Everything must coincide with the way I feel
And by the way, it's scott larock on the wheels of steel
So I take one step, to adjust the mic
I get around the whole city so I do wear nike
I like a funky beat, a studio like unique
I write the crazy fresh lyrics and I don't eat meat
You can look me up and down, and my dj too
Because we make up the boogie down productions crew
Takin out mc's - on the 1, 2, 3
No matter who they claim to be in society
Because we know their games, we have pulled their file
If they need a different style we can get wild
He's i.c.u., he's out to kill
I'm krs, and we get ill
Dj scott larock got his own beat
The extravagant life, is what we seek
I will tell you like this, cause I know for a fact
I will live a long life, and I don't smoke crack
Captivatn the crowd, seven days a week
You know what they told me to say? I got the dope beat

[krs]i got a dope beat
[all]you got a dope beat
[krs]i got the dope beat
[all]we got a dope beat
[krs] I got a dope beat?

[all] you got a dope beat
[krs]i got a dope beat!!
[all]we got the dope beat!!

For me to say again another verse of my rhyme
Means what you heard before must've blew up your mind
So now it's time, to find, poetry like mine
Do not waste all your time because I'm one-of-a-kind
Pullin out, easy goin cause the money be flowin
6'4", brown eyes, and I'm always showin
Stupid mc's on the mic the way it 'posed to be done
They study rhymes all week, but I be rhymin for fun
When they lose they get upset, always pullin a gun
But they will snap out of that, because I'm krs-one
Not two, not three, but o-n-e
Get it right the first time I won't repeat this rhyme
If you think that you can burn me with your amateur ways
Keep in mind that I been out there, from back in the days
I don't braaaaaaaaag, about the people I know
Because they're still bluffin, they're not givin me nothin
I can walk around the city with the rhymes I flaunt
Cause no matter how you front they're still the ones you want
See, I am funky fresh and poetry is my opinion
Takin out you suckers while the scott larock is spinnin!

.. *guitar interlude* ..

My name is krs-one, I'm still kinda young
I don't wear adidas cause my name ain't run
Got nike's on my feet, and to be complete
I can rock an american or reggae beat
Got rhymes for 70's, 80's, and 90's
Not bein conceited but it won't pay to try me
Out to any feud, any battle, any reason
Make the rhymes up every season this style I'm just teasin
Pick up the pace, homeboy, pick up the pace
You're way behind schedule, listen to what I'm tellin you
This particular style may vary
The things I converse about are heard rarely
Some can't bear me, others try to scare me
Soundin intelligent but not yet equivalent!!
You know what? ?

[all]you got a dope beat
[krs]i got a dope beat!
[all] we got a dope beat
[krs] I got the dope beat?
[all]you got the dope beat
[krs]i got the dope beat!

[all]we got the dope beat!
[krs]i've got the dope beat!
[all]you've got the dope beat
[krs]i got the dope beat!
[all]we got the dope beat
[krs]beat that we got? ?
[all] the dope beat!

I.c.u., is in the house...
Miss melodie, is in the house...
Lena love, is in the house...
D-nice, rocks the house...
Gold miss idol, rocks the house...
Flavois walker, turns em out...
40th street black, knocks em out...
To my mellow mooses gun, rock the house...
Naughty, bust it out...
Mcboo, turns it out...
Chuck chillout, cuts it up...
Red alert, breaks it out...
Scott larock jr..
My pride and joy...
Krs-one.. his mother's first son
And no he'll never run...
Bd... bd...
Scott larock...
Scott larock

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The P Is Free"

Yes, scott larock you know you rule hip-hop
Yes, mr. lee you can rule hip-hop
And, b-57 you can rule hip-hop
But, krs-one rule it non-stop
When I'm in brooklyn, yes, we rulin hip-hop
When I'm in manhattan, we rulin hip-hop
When I'm in queens, we rulin hip-hop
And when in staten island we rulin hip-hop
But in the bronx, we rulin y'all tonight
But in the bronx, we rulin y'all tonight
We come to rock you whether you're black or you're white
Cos krs-one you know I'm never ? frank?
Come catch a star

The girlies are free
Cos the crack costs money
Oh yeah
I say the girlies are free
Cos the crack costs money
Oh yeah

Ridin one day on my freestyle fix
Jammin to a tape scott larock had mixed
I said to myself "this tape sound funky"
Ridin past the 116th street junkie
Thought I saw denise but I was only assumin
Took another look and that butt was boomin
Did a little trick on my freestyle fix
And I was right beside the girl, she was all on the tip
She said "hi, dj krs"
She kissed me on my neck so I gave her a peck
She said "i'm really in a hurry so I cannot wait
If you give me a life while we ride to the ? bait? "
She jumped on my bike, I said "huh, what's your stop? "
She said "right around the corner to the crack spot
If you buy me a crack I'll know how to act
But if you don't, you might as well step back"
I said "now how the hell we jump off to this?
I'm doin you a favor, I'm givin you a lift"
She said "krs, you know it goes"
I said "yeah, you little.....it seems that you're a hoe"
I did a little trick on my freestyle fix
And she was right on the ground lookin after it

Because...

A girl tried to take my out one day
For a play, not your everyday ? trey?
We walked to the spot, she says she want a rock
I looked in my pocket, didn't have a lot
I said "you better get yourself a job"
She tried to tell me that times were hard
I told the hoe, I said "yo, that's not my fault
You need a vault", I'm out to assault
Any girl I find who try to take my for mine
I'm gonna have to ? pin? it just another time
But...

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The Bridge Is Over"

Intro:

I say, the bridge is over, the bridge is over, biddy-bye-bye!
The bridge is over, the bridge is over, hey, hey!
The bridge is over, the bridge is over, biddy-bye-bye!
The bridge is over, the bridge is over

Verse one:

You see me come in any dance wid de spliff of sensei
Down with the sound called bdp
If you want to join the crew well you must see me
Ya can't sound like shan or the one marley
Because shan and marley marl dem-a-rhyming like they gay
Pickin up the mic, mon, dem don't know what to say
Sayin that hip-hop started out in queensbridge
Sayin lies like that, mon, you know dem can't live
So i, tell them again, me come to tell them again, gwan!
Tell them again, me come to tell them agaaain
Tell them again, me come to tell them again, gwan!
Tell them again, me come to te-ell them
Manhattan keeps on makin it, brooklyn keeps on takin it
Bronx keeps creatin it, and queens keeps on fakin it

Verse two:

Di-di di-da, di di-di, dida di-day, aiy!
All you sucka mc, won't you please come out to play, cause
Here's an example of krs-one, bo!
Here's an example of krs-one
They wish to battle bdp, but they cannot
They must be on the dick of who? dj scott larock
Cause, we don't complain nor do we play the game of favors
Boogie down productions comes in three different flavors
Pick any dick for the flavor that you savor
Mr. magic might wish to come and try to save ya
But instead of helpin ya out he wants the same thing I gave ya
I finally figured it out, magic mouth is used for suckin
Roxanne shante is only good for steady fuckin
Mc shan and marley marl is really only bluffin
Like doug e. fresh said "i tell you now, you ain't nuthin"
Compared to red alert on kiss and boogie down productions
So easy now man, I me say easy now mon

To krs-one you know dem can't understand
Me movin over there and then me movin over here
This name of this routine is called live at union square
Square, square, square, ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
What's the matter with your mc, marley marl?
Don't know you know that he's out of touch
What's the matter with your dj, mc shan?
On the wheels of steel marlon sucks
You'd better change what comes out your speaker
You're better off talkin bout your wack puma sneaker
Cause bronx created hip-hop, queens will only get dropped
You're still tellin lies to me
Everybody's talkin bout the juice crew funny
But you're still tellin lies to me

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Super Hoe"

[phone ringing]

Scott: yo, kris. I really knocked the boots on those two big-butt
Females last night.

Kris: jeeez!

Scott: yeah, man. I'm on my way down to latin quarter to find two
More freaks...

Kris: word...

[super sperm]

Chorus: repeat 2x

Scott larock had em all
He is the super hoe

[super sperm]

Verse one: krs-one

Scott larock is for now the main topic
Not looking at his cuts or cash flow of the pocket
You may not realize it or you may not know
But, uh... (he is the super hoe)
When I say super I'm not exaggeratin
Datin for a guy like scott turns into matin
He seems to be quiet but I don't buy it
Proof is in the puddin, why don't you just try it
The super hoe is loose in your section
And he's armed with a powerful erection
So grab your girl and run for protection
Your momma too, cause I like to mention

Chorus

[super sperm] 4x

Verse two: krs-one

Whatever you could do or say inside a bed
Scott larock has done and most likely said
He doesn't argue with a girl cause yes, he has others
Keep updated on all kind of rubbers
Got ones that are lambskin, others that are plastic

One day he'll open a school for prophylactics
They don't know... (he is the super hoe)
Up in rochester on dkx
Wdkx, now dk-sex
We were bein interviewed there live on air
Every girl in the city scott had an affair
Km in the am had asked his last question
But scott larock said "wait, I gotta mention
The fact that I'm single, I like to mingle"
And one more time bust the fresh jingle

Chorus

[super sperm] 4x

Verse three: krs-one

In the field of music I'll always pass by
Girls that claim to act so fly
They always act like it's all about them or their friends
But according to scott, they all like to bend
Yes, fly girls, shy girls, black girls, white girls
In eighty-seven it's got to be the right girl
If you claim to have a little problem
Well, scott larock knows just how to solve em
If you're a guy a nine'll do the trick
But if you're a girl, you need some... flowers
I admit scott has strange powers
Enticing girls in less than an hour
Or should I say minutes? I seen how he did it
He probably says "i'm scott larock" and she's with it
So whether he's a gigolo, tramp, or pro... (he is the super hoe)
Now many people have their ways of expressin
What they do best, for scott it's undressin
Yes, either a girl or some date for the night
He doesn't want to hear that you're too tight
So do not think that scott larock is mean
It's not his fault, he'll give you vaseline
The super hoe is loose in your area
Makin life for girls a little scarier
So if you got a radio tryin to tape this
Do not keep in mind that he is a rapist
For the super hoe to be chillin
Another female out there has to be willin
So all you tramps and hoes raise your hand
Cos super hoe scott larock understands
If you're a guy we'll talk about hangin
And if you're a girl he'll talk about bangin
If your moms call up, well, I don't know

But uh... (he is the super hoe)

Chorus

[super sperm] 8x

Chorus 3x

[super sperm]

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Criminal Minded"

Intro: (sung by krs-one to the tune of the beatles "let it be")

Boogie down productions will always get paid
We'll take the wackest song and make it better
Remember to let us into your skin
Cause then you'll begin, to master
Rhymin rhymin rhymin

Verse one: krs-one

Criminal minded, you've been blinded
Lookin for a style like mine you can't find it
They are the audience, I am the lyricist
Sometimes the suckas on the side gotta hear this
Page, a rage, and I'm not in a cage
Free as a bird to fly up out on stage
Ain't here for no frontin just to say a little somethin
Ya suckaz don't like me cause you're all about nothin
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My all-around performance gets better and better
My english grammar comes down like a hammer
You need a style, I need to pull your file
I don't beg favors, you're kissing other people's ---
I write and produce myself just as fast
Keep my hair like this, got no time for jheri curls
Attractin only women, got no time for little girls

[krs sings again] cause girls look so good
But their brain is not ready, I don't know
I'd rather talk to a woman
Cause her mind is so steady, so here we go

I'm not a musical maniac or b-boy fanatic
I simply made use of what was upstairs in the attic
I've listened to these mc's back when I was a kid
But I bust more shots than they ever did
I mean this is not the best of krs, it's just a section
But how many times must I point you in the right direction
You need protection, when I'm on the mic
Because my mouth is like a 9 millimeter windpipe
You're a king, I'm a teacher
You're a b-boy, I'm a scholar
If this was a class, well it would go right under drama

See kings lose crowns but teachers stay intelligent
Talkin big words on the mic but still irrelevant
Especially when you're not, college material
Wake up every morning to your lucky charms cereal
Dj scott larock has a college degree
Blastmaster krs writes poetry
I won't go deeper in the subject cause that gets me bored
It's a shame to know some mc's on the mic are fraud
Sayin styles like this to create a diss
But if you listen, who you dissin?
See I am a musician
Rappin on the mic like this to me is fine
Cause if I really want to battle I will put out a nine
You can see that scott larock and I are mentally binded
In other words we're both criminal minded

Verse two: krs-one

We're not promoting violence, we're just havin some fun
He's scott larock, I'm krs-one
Never off-beat cause it don't make sense
Grab the microphone, relaxed and not tense
You waited, debated, and now you activated
A musical genius that could not be duplicated
See I have the formula for rockin the house
If you cannot rock a party do not open your mouth
It's that simple, no phony cosmetics to your pimple
Take another look because the gear is not wrinkled
The k, the r, the s, the o, the n, the e
Sayin rhyme for eighty-seven not from 1983
Well versed, to rehearse, and my rhymes are my curse
Originality come first but the suckers get worse
Allow me to include I have a very stable mood
Poetic education of a high altitude
I'm not an mc, so listen, call me poet or musician
A genius when it comes to making music with ambition
I'm cool, collected with the rhyme I directed
Don't wanna be elected as the king of a record
Just respected by others as the man with the solution
An artist of the 80's came and left his contribution
On wax, relax, there's 24 tracks
After years of rocking parties now I picked up the knack
Because everything that flows from out my larynx
Takes years of experience and bottles of beck's
I cannot seem to recollect the time I didn't have sex
Is it real or is it memorex?
I'm livin in a city known as new york state
Sucka mc's gotta wait while I translate
I hang with real live dreads with knowledge in their heads

People with ambition and straight up musicians
Although our lives have been so uprooted
I have it included, you all get zooted
So take each letter of the krs-one
Means knowledge reigns supreme over nearly everyone
You look at me and laugh, but this is your class
It's an all-out discussion of the suckas I be crushin
So now you are awakened to the music I be makin
Never duplicated, and also highly cultivated
Don't get frustrated cause nothin has been traded
Only activated, it came out very complicated
Not separated, from my dj
You see my voice is now faded
I'll see you folks around the way

Criminal minded...